

Brett Dennen, When You Feel It

Momma got to worrying because her boy left home in a hurry again
Her photographs are fading, she keeps a box in the closet full of negatives
Well, I left a note on the floor in my room
I've always been stubborn and late to bloom
I had to lay down my load, my burdens are my own
It's a coming of age when you feel it you know

When you feel it you know
When you feel it you know
and I know, I know

I was longing on a short summer night when I had the urge to leave
I went out to find my muse with a eight in my pocket and a craving for some cajun blues
I was following my follies when I saw her aboard the river queen
I was courting my frail lady all the way to New Orleans
But I was swoon by a luminous tomb so I climbed the roof and gave that woman my croon
I had to tell her all I know, my business is my own
It's a coming of age when you feel it you know

When you feel it you know
When you feel it you know
And I know, I know

When you feel
When you feel it you know
When you feel
When you feel it you know
When you feel
When you feel it you know
When you feel
When you feel it

Well, mamma got to worrying she said "Now boy, I stay up late wondering where you been!
Oh, soon your gonna have to give in no you can't live forever the way that you been."
Oh, mamma I'm not trying to do not wrong I had to learn this is the way I get along
It's a life that I chose, my reasons are my own
It's a coming of age when you feel it you know

When you feel it you know
When you feel it you know
When you feel it you know
When you feel it you know
When you feel it you know
When you feel it you know
I know, I know
When you feel it you know
When you feel it you know
When you feel it you know